

"Behold, the heaven, and the heaven of heavens is the Lord's thy God, the earth also, and with all that therein is"—Deut. x:14
Text suggested by the Rev. Christian Syblrud, St. Olaf Congregational Church, Norwegian Church of North America.

The Law of the Jungle

THE Tiger of France has spoken. Let all the jungle of Europe now tremble. America has heard. We remain of the same opinion—that George Washington was one of the wisest of prophets when he gave his beloved America a parting injunction, good for centuries to come:

It is our true policy to steer clear of **PERMANENT ALLIANCES** with any portion of the foreign world—taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to **TEMPORARY ALLIANCES** for extraordinary emergencies.

Clemenceau repeats what some Americans are beginning to believe: "The war was yours as well as ours." Anyone now, four years after the war, can see the falsity of that assertion, by merely asking himself whether America would ever have entered that war on her own accord. We were dragged in—by propaganda plus the insane folly of the mad rulers of Prussia.

Clemenceau frankly says: "England went to war for English reasons, and America for American reasons." Yes, and France for French reasons! It is to laugh—and to weep! Who now hears or says anything about making the world safe for democracy?

"We want to be secure," pleads Clemenceau for his adored France. We sympathize with that passion—but not with the way of expressing it. We do not sympathize with the process of humiliating and disintegrating a conquered enemy and thus not only making him incapable and unwilling to meet his obligations, but stirring that sullen, vengeful hatred which assures France a crushing defeat ten or forty years hence at the hands of a numerically superior Germany.

"Are you sure you want to isolate yourselves from civilization?" We wish not to resent even the growls of the dear, old Tiger—whom we deeply admire, smiles and stripes and all. But we reject this query as a mild impertinence. America is not—and never has been—isolated from civilization—or even from the European jungle. Simply, we do not choose closeness and continuity of alliances and entanglements with nations whose supreme purpose is conquest, aggrandisement, dominion.

The Evil That Men Do.

THE other day a collector bought an antique ring in Turin, Italy. It was made in the form of a serpent and guaranteed to date back to the fifteenth century, when it belonged to one of the famous wicked family of the Borgias.

The Borgias had a perfect passion for poisoning their enemies and invented many subtle and deadly methods of accomplishing this purpose.

The ring collector incautiously wore his ancient serpent circlet, and only after his ring finger and entire forearm had swollen to alarming dimensions did he call in a doctor.

Poison had set in, and investigation showed that there was a small hole beneath the serpent's head whence the poison flowed. Fortunately time—the past five centuries—had partially weakened its strength.

Here is an astonishing example of the power of evil to live on and persist.

When a rattlesnake dies it is dead. No further harm can come to it. But when the rattlesnake type of man dies he sometimes leaves behind poisons that can outwear five centuries of healing years.

"The evil that men do lives after them."

Why Public Ownership?

CHAIRMAN HOOVER of the Railway Labor Board is for a law to make railway strikes a crime.

Of course, he is against a "living wage" because he believes the present managements of railways could not pay it and continue in business.

He is for a law forbidding railway strikes because he wants the present private managements of railways to continue in business.

Mr. Hoover thus reveals a greater preference for private ownership than for tranquil labor, without which the public cannot hope to have the "efficient and uninterrupted transportation" which Mr. Hoover says is his positive right.

There is little use to argue against such a point of view. All that need be said about it is that it is quite futile.

Neither Mr. Hoover nor anybody else can take from the men who work on our railways the right to quit work if not satisfied.

It follows, then, that efficient and uninterrupted transportation can be had only by making the conditions of work on the railways such that competent workers will want to perform it.

If private ownership is unable or unwilling to maintain such conditions, the obvious alternative is to replace private ownership with public ownership.

The public's right to service properly rises above all other rights. If private ownership cannot give the service, the public will of necessity make other arrangements.

Democracy of the Arts.

WILL H. HAYS must not be called Czar of the Movies, for he says that films are the democracy of the arts, serving the leisure of twenty million persons a day. As custodian of our fourth greatest industry, he asserts also that the motion picture is the most potent power for education and moral influence.

Add to these factors the qualities of artistry and entertainment, and you see in the "movies" an incomparable means for universal elevation. In the throes of a material civilization which tends to grip us with its sordid realities it is a most satisfying and sanitizing experience to be transported, for the moment, into the substantial idealities and the dramatic romanticism of another age. To live, for instance, in the time when knighthood was in flower.

What's in Between

"RESOLD fifteen times" is the reported record of one coal shipment between mine and consumer.

Naturally, at a profit each time. The pyramiding of needless profits makes the high price extortions.

It is true not alone of coal, but of almost everything. What it is important to know is how many, if any, of these intermediate handlings are necessary, useful, and therefore worth to the consumer what they add to his bill, and how many are wasteful and avoidable.

In spite of all that has been said and written on the subject, we don't seem to be advancing very rapidly toward that essential information.

If the Harding Coal Inquiry Commission can bare the facts about coal it may stimulate research in other directions.

GOING THROUGH

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WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1932.)

By S. E. Kiser

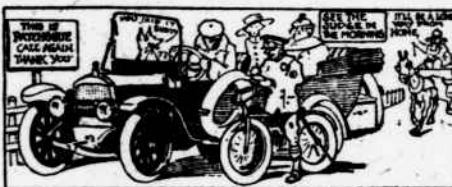


TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

I've been trimmed by Wall Street trimmers in their customary style. I have taken foolish chances here and there! Once I made a silly wager, thinking I could swim a mile. And a passing boatman caught me by the hair; I have risked my life on mountains where the climbing was no good. Once I helped to stage a play that was a flop; I have ventured very often where no wise man ever would. But I never stop to argue with a cop.

ONCE I monkeyed with a buzz saw where the monkeying was poor. Which accounts for one good finger that I lost; And the sure things, I've discovered, may be anything but sure. I've trusted smiling strangers to my cost; I have made a lot of blunders, and I don't deny the fact. I have dared when there was little to be won; Once I bought myself a fiddle, and I've even tried to act. But I haven't ever cleaned a loaded gun.

I'M a saphead, I acknowledge, but I side-step certain things; I shun the ticket scalpers and their kind; I have learned that there's deception in the song the ticker sings. I never slap a stranger from behind; I waste no time in trying to make any boy believe That smoking is a habit he should drop; I expect the profit takers to get all that I receive. And I never stop to argue with a cop.



PEOPLE STILL LOOK FOR TROUBLE.

The fourth husband of a well-known actress divorced her recently because he found another man in her flat when he raided it. Moral: If you are happy as the husband of a lady who has been married often, don't call on her unexpectedly.

THE REPLY APT.

Bill—How did you feel when she threw the vase at you?
Will—Slightly jarred.

CRUEL VOIDS.

"What's wrong with Brown?"
"Oh, he had words with Smith."
"Pretty hard words, too, I'd think from his eye."

Outline of History By "BUGS" BAER

HISTORY in a nutshell.

ALL you ever find in a nutshell is a nut. Sometimes worms.

EARLY linoleum man loved soup, but had no vest to protect his necktie. He fought lions, leopards and wolves.

WE know nothing of ancient women except those we see in burlesque shows.

WHEN this world was too young and innocent to be taxed, early mezzanine man had neither fire nor water. When he got them both, he put them together, making firewater. Congress took them apart. Now history doesn't know whether its ears deceive it or whether it has adenoids.

GUTTA PERCHA man got his food by taking deadly handfuls of hot nickels and hurling them into face of prehistoric automat. Later, when he lost his inherited superstition, he fought caterpillars single handed.

SIX billion clusters of years ago, this world was one flaming chunk of coal. Try and find some now. Extinct citizens were doormats for pants and lions mistook "Welcome" for an invitation to help themselves to another bite. Commuters lived by shooting tailors with arrows, just like Doug Fairbanks.

WHEN cave-men fell in love with some rathskeller woman, he marcelled her hair with his battle knobkerrie and dragged her past judges stand by her long hair. And you never read of those old girls getting their wool bobbed. Sweethearts fractured skulls instead of prom-ises, and sweet brides were buried with full horns of war.

STRANGERS were regarded with suspicion, like friends are now.

OUR forefathers were very tough. They lighted their cigars on volcanoes. Only cowards rode crocodiles side-saddle.

EARLIEST clues to any form of concerted government are dog tags worn by sabre toothed jaguars. It was capital crime to spear your neighbor's pet monster. They never had astigmatism because they were too ignorant. In fact, modern man never contracts any illness until he learns how to spell it.

PREMATURE man walked on his hands and feet. There were four shoes in every set. He was in correct position for slapstick comedy. When drama got more refined, he stood erect on his broken arches so he could catch custard pies with his face.

Booze for foreign diplomats at Washington will be brought in aboard foreign battleships. Now we understand why foreign governments postponed scrapping their navies.

John Singer Sargent, artist, was born in Florence, Italy, his father, Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, being a resident of the State of Massachusetts.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

DEAR K. C. B.—I never read the "Heart and Home" column or "Advice to the Lovelorn" and things like that, and you're my Bible and I want to ask you if you please won't tell me what you would do if someone you like very much made the statement that he admired "the flapper type" and you were known as a bookish sort of person. Would you do as I did, become a so-called "flapper" and lose the one you liked and a great deal of your own self-respect? It all ended so awful. Now he is away at college and I am eating humble pie. What would you do?

BEDRAGGLED FLAPPER.

MY DEAR Miss Flapper.
I HAVE a young woman.
WRITING LETTERS for me.
AND I showed her yours.
AND WANTED to know.
WHAT SHE would do.
AND WHEN she had read.
YOUR TALE of woe.
SHE HANDED it back.
AND SAID to me.
"THE GIRL's a nut."
AND I asked her why.
AND SHE explained.
THAT IF this fellow.
YOU'RE CRAZY about.
IS STUCK on flappers.
WHAT YOU should do.
IS LET him go.
AND FIND himself one.
FOR THIS girl says.
IF HE has any sense.
HE'LL SOON find out.
THAT A flapper girl.

IS FOOLISH in the head.
AND IF it happens.
HE HASN'T any sense.
WHY, YOU should worry.
IF HE never comes back.
AND SHE further says.
THAT FLAPPERISM IS A state of mind.
AND IF you're bookish.
YOU CAN'T be a flapper.
AND THAT you're crazy.
TO TRY to be one.
AND IT serves you right.
AND EVERYTHING.
AND AFTER that.
SHE TURNED on me.
AND SHE thinks I'm crazy.
TO ANSWER you.
AND FROM what I gather.
SHE'S THE only one.
IN OUR little group.
WHO HAS any sense.



I THANK you.
One Philadelphia man says he never drinks coffee in the morning because he knows it will keep him awake.

THE SPECTATOR

The Jealous Mother

A MOST charming, lovable and highly cultured New England mother died the other day at the age of seventy-five. She had always successfully opposed her son's marriage. She waited him for herself. He was the one passion of her life.

When she was dead her son at the age of fifty proceeded to marry the cook, who was good enough in the kitchen, but was not long in making an Irish stew of matrimony. The union proved to be unhappy, the man soon died and the cook married the iceman. Nature at last had found its equilibrium.

A MONG the trouble makers of the world may be reckoned the jealous mother.

Nobody likes to say a word against mothers, and yet the mother has it in her power to do as handsome a little job of ruining as anyone.

This is not done because she is evil or intends to do harm. In fact, attention has often been called to the truth that quite as much woe is created in the world by well-meaning love and regulation as by malice.

The difficulty with the jealous mother is, she cannot realize the fact that her son has grown up, and that when a child has reached maturity it is a psychological necessity that he should be separated from the parent stem.

It is a common trait of mothers to disapprove of their sons' wives. The wise and sympathetic mother-in-law

is a rare bird, and for this reason it is an excellent general rule for young people when they marry to leave home. One of the tragedies of life is our inability to understand the laws of growth.

And the law of growth has for its corollary that other law not so generally known that nothing is absolutely good, nothing is an absolute joy except in its proper time and place; that all human pleasure exists only on condition that it must pass.

THE love of the mother for her child must pass from that stage in which it expresses itself as a shielding, regulating and dominating force into a more aloof stage of friendship and tender affection. If it will not pass in this way it spoils.

This is true of everything, no matter how sweet and real and wonderful it is.

Romantic affection, the passionate attachment of man and woman, the theme of all of our novels, cannot endure in perpetuity. It must grow into something else, into friendship, understanding, partnership, tender companionship and the like. Those who lament the dying down of the fires of youth and think that means the death of love are on a level with those who lament the growth of dawn into noon and the passage of midday into soft twilight.

A baby is a charming creature. But a man of forty who still coos and plays with toys is a tragedy.

There are mothers who have let their boys go and yet who hold them, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Everybody's Doing It

By Dr. Charles Fleischer

It is not long since the latest song proclaimed that "everybody's doing it."

Song or no song, that is the singing fact about us human beings anyhow and always. Especially in our beloved America. Everybody's doing it—because everybody's doing it.

The son of the late Count Tolstoy—himself a Count Tolstoy (though counts no longer count in Russia)—is living in America and is a friendly critic of things American.

He tells the story of a rather impudent young Yankee, who asked him why he didn't shave his whiskers. The count countered the query: "Why do you shave yours?"

EVIDENTLY the question surprised the youth, for he stammered the reply: "Why? Because everybody does it!"

"Have you any other reason?" Tolstoy asked.

"No, I don't think so," the young man admitted.

One needs not be very old to recall the beginning of the modern fad of smooth-shaven men. But now the fad has become a custom, sanctioned by sanitary science and glorified by moralists and philosophers.

Indeed, excepting only the silly-brave exception of the Charlie Chaplin variety of apologetic lip-covering, the man must apologize who still insists upon the privilege of hirsute facial adornment.

IF you wear a beard, you must be covering an unmanly jaw, and if a mustache sprawls over your lip, it must be that you fear its telltale revelation of weakness.

Now that everybody's doing it, and many men have become walking advertisements for some brand of safety razor, don't you dare to hide—wholly or in part—

your face's nakedness, whether to cover a defect or to perfect your personal scheme of exterior decoration.

And to think that only a short time since your every sixteen-year-old male used to welcome the advent of the fuzzy down upon his upper lip as proof positive and evidence visible of his accomplished manhood!

BUT to return to our neglected Count Ilya Tolstoy. He has the habit of traveling over the country delivering lectures. He says that he is struck by the monotonous uniformity of our life. We are all stenciled.

He intimates that we kill the individuality of our children by turning them out of schools as Henry Ford turns out his cars, all of the same shape and color. As for the grown-ups, he finds the same people everywhere. Nice, educated, good-natured, clean-shaven, well-dressed, but most of them lacking in individuality.

IN one of his essays Ralph Waldo Emerson charges society with being in a conspiracy against the integrity of its members.

That is, all of us are trying to make each of us like the rest of us.

THE fact that "everybody's doing it" is reason enough for your doing it, however obviously stupid, timid, foolish, ugly, or even wrong, it may be.

Out upon you! Be brave! Make the Declaration of Independence a personal experience and continuous performance.

It may be that you can make "everybody" do what you are doing. In any case, you have the joy and self-respect of being YOURSELF.

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Unmasking the Ghosts

By Henry Smith Williams

WHEN a special committee of the French Academy of Science not long ago investigated the newest phases of alleged "spiritistic" phenomena and reported that nothing out of the ordinary happened in their presence, a good many people discounted their testimony.

But many persons who discredited the scientists will listen respectfully to the testimony of a man who approaches the subject from a viewpoint so different as that of a professional conjurer or magician, whose first thought is: "Are these mystifying manifestations really supernatural, or are they merely tricks that I can learn to perform?"

Such an investigator is

Houdini, who has made a report that must command the attention of everyone who is interested in "occult" phenomena.

THE gist of his report is that, after twenty-odd years of investigation, he finds no single item of evidence for the existence of supernatural manifestations. As he sees it, all mediums are tricksters. He understands and can duplicate all their alleged "spiritistic" demonstrations. In an article in Popular Radio Houdini tells us that the up-to-date ghost has called the radio art to his aid, and depends upon it chiefly for his various demonstrations of contact with the spirit world.

Stars and Stripes

A word to the wife is not sufficient. When a dance is over nowadays, the gentleman instead of the lady is wearing the rouge.

Padewski will stop playing politics and play the piano. It might pay the country to buy pianos for a lot of our United States Senators.

One professional wrestler has bought a lot of furniture on the installment plan, and now the dealer is learning the finer points of catch-as-catch-can.

"Prussic acid," says a scientist in his book, "is a deadly poison. One drop of it on the end of your tongue would kill a dog."

One golf tool is called a putter because a lot of old gentlemen putter around with it.

Booze for foreign diplomats at Washington will be brought in aboard foreign battleships. Now we understand why foreign governments postponed scrapping their navies.

When the Government gets ready to finger print everybody it can get most of the finger prints off the coffee cups in one-arm restaurants.

Admiral Porter once said: "Take no quarter from anybody." He is the only porter who ever said anything of that kind.